[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

POETRY.

tunate."

I'll drift him,-although on my cheeks, I know,

The bloom will pale forever:

I'll drift him,—although in the core of my hear

I'll drift him, and mem'ry as she flees to the past

I'll drift him, -and hope in the future must sonr-

I'll drift him, though grief and soul-rending des

I'll drift him, though pangs of unutterable woe,

I'll drift him, though misery exquisitely blend,

I'll drift him, though time shall bring never more

I'll drift him, though henceforth the path of my

l'Il drift him, though for me a dark remnant of days

I'll drift him, though hourly emotions of woe

In my heart to thy dream birth should give.

He is drifted plast and my heart wildly cries

I'll cherish the thorns ye have left in my soul

BRANCHVILLE, S. C., Nov. 29, 1866.

LITERARY.

A House in the Rue d'Enfer.

the Leopeldstadt. From his windows he

fore determined to watch until he had 'unrav-

him. Amongst the windows opposite he had

remarked two, the blinds of which were always

down; these he observed particularly, imagin-

ing that this must be the countess' apartment.

The third day one of these windows opened.

and the Hungarian came forward and leaned

the curtain of the window, behind which he

were strained upon the open casement, for he

imagined that at the extremity of the apart-

ment he perceived the form of a woman. He

was not mistaken, for a few moments after she

advanced towards her husband, her eyes east

[CONCLUDED.]

I shall cease to love him-oh, never!

Will find there but grief-given joys-

pair, Should revel in the shrine of my heart—

Frommy bosom should never depart.

Not a part of my life, but the whole.

Be everything else but the smooth.

Farewell! blooming roses of bliss,

And rejoice in the misery of this.

A heritage of agony live,

Her powers to torture my soul-

O'er life and its love broken toys.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1867.

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Three doors below Wentworth, CHARLESTON, S. C. fern's Cash, or City Acceptance. RUERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. CHARLES WERN, H, C, WALKER,

down-he seemed to speak to her, for sudden-WM. S. LANNEAU. ly she looked up, and the first object she perteived was Garnier; the young man made an William G. Whilden & Co. effort to retire, but it was too late; he saw her stretch out both her hands, utter a piercing ery, and fall backwards.

> Garnier remained a few moments motionless, not daring to stir; but he soon heard the window opposite close with violence, and when he again ventured to look, the Hungarian and the stranger had both disappeared.

The same evening his hostess informed him that some one had been making inquiries about him, his name, his country, his habits, and the ly her eyes remained fixed on something at the motive of his stay at Vienna. Frederick had no difficulty in guessing from whence these questions proceeded; he had been recognised; eagerly watched all her movements, perceived he saw all the danger of remaining in a country without friends or protection, and in possession of a secret of which some people would like to ensure the safety at any price; he consequently resolved to be on his guard, and act with the greatest circumspection.

Several days passed away, the windows of the hotel opposite remained hermetically closed and Garnier began to fear that the unknown was gone.

One evening he went to the opera with the doctor; the two first acts had already been played, and the curtain was about to rise for the third, when Garnier felt a paper between his fingers; the hand which had held it was immediately withdrawn, and before he had time to turn round to look for the secret messenger, he heard the door of the next box close. The note contained these words:

"Go to the Duchess Reimberg's masked ball on Thursday dressed in an Albanian costume, and if one should ask you, 'What do you want?' answer, 'I do not know.' "

Leblane had been invited to this ball; Garnier therefore went dressed in the required costume. His impatience had made him anticipate the customary hour, so that when he arrived there were but few persons present.

After having examined all the masks who were there, Frederick took up his position near the door, to see the others as they entered, hoping that a chance would cause him to discover the person he expected; but the crowd soon same moment, the music again began to play

obliged him to quit this place; he was gradually forced to retire to the further end of the room, and there he determined to wait.

The night was already far advanced; the Duty's Resignation, to Love too Unfordancing had begun to flag, and the guests to turn their attention towards the supper, which had been prepared in the banqueting-room. Fatigued with the heat and the glare of the lights, Frederick allowed the jayous crowds dancers to pass on. Perceiving a door ajar, he pushed it open and passed into a small library, which was lighted by a single lamp.

He stretched himself on a sofa, as if overpowered by lassitude, and had begun to yawn very comfortably, when he heard the tread of a light footstep; he turned round; a woman, in a rich Spanish costume, stood before him.

"What do you want?" said she, in a low

Sho started and looked anxiously about the room, "Not so loud sir," murmured she.

I'll drift him, though fates, and though furies shall "We are alone, madam." She drew nearer. "Why did you come to lionna. "To find you."

The young woman drew back. "To find ne?- and why?"

"For the second time I will answer you, madam, I do not know. Your appearance has created such an extraordinary sensation in my existence, that on perceiving you again I was seized with a sort of nervous curiosity to get at the bottom of this affair, and I resolved to see you at any price."

"What have you to ask of me?" "Everything, madam; for I have not been

able to guess a single incident of the drama of which you made me a witness-I might almost say an actor. Ah! you have too elevated and noble a character not to understand that my impatience to clear up the mystery which sursounds this adventure does not proceed from idle curiosity, but from a romantic hope which for

I had conceived of being useful to you. I wished to speak to you of the services, you have rendered me; for I know that this Vert-The next day the artist took up his abode in mann, who so suddenly gave me the means of prosecuting my voyant to Italy, must have been commissioned by you; what I took for a mere

hazard was, in fact, a concealed and well-arranged plot to force me to accept of a favor; but this favor, I wish to know why and on what conditions it was granted, Was it the reoempense of my silence, or of some service which I had rendered you?" "Both, sir."

"Then I refuse it, madam; positively and on the balustrade. Frederick now lifted up absolutely refuse it," exclaimed Frederick. had until then concealed himself; his eyes discretion.'

> "For heaven's sake, sir, listen me-you came know that all that has passed is irreparable.that my misery now weighs only upon myself. that your presence may ruin but cannot profit me in the least. I am a slave, chained in the den of a wild beast, who in his rage would kill me. The secret you ask me for, sir, would were it known, cost me my life. O! I beseech you, leave Vienna-return into France-you do not know the dangers to which you are exposed here-you have already excited the count's jealousy-you are watched, beset with spies. It required the chance and tumult of this ball to bring about an interview; perhaps,

even now, is he searching for me." Having pronounced these words, the young woman looked anxiously around her. Suddenfurther end of the library. She drew back with a gesture of terror. Frederick, who had in a looking-glass the reflection of a head peeping through the door, which was ajar. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and advanced towards the door; but it suddenly opened, and a man dressed in an Armenian costume appeared on the threshold. "I disturb you," said he, in a hollow voice.

The stranger drew back, trembling and dis-

"What do you want, sir? how dare you listen to us? aiked Frederick.

Without making any answer, the Armenian endeavored to approach the young woman, but Frederick placed himself on his passage; the two men stood confronting each other in an attitude of provocation and profound hatred. All of a sudden the Armenian tore off his mask and discovered to view the savage countenance of the Hungarian nobleman.

"Do you recognise me now?" asked he, with an accent of ungovernable rage.

"I do not possess the art of reading people's names on their faces," replied Frederick

"Perhaps your companion will be mere clever than you," rejoined the Armenian, ad-

"Back, sir."

"Down with your masks!" "Back, I tell you."

The Hungarian laid his hand on his poniard, and Frederick on his yataghan; but, at the

had again filled the ball-room, and a ,with a faltering voi shout a laughter. Frederick profited by the gich this irruption occasioned to effect for the countess, and when he returned Armenian he was gone.

at day he was alone in his apartment busic runging some traveling dresses in his crunk, with the Hungarian suddenly made his

sight Frederick shuddered. The if you please?"

"I at he, sir." "Ro

Garner took the letter, mute with astonishd recognised the hand as the same which had written the note which he had already received; he opened it, and read the following

"We escaped only by a miracle yesterdaysecond-interview would ruin us. If I ever leave Vignna immediately; perhaps I shall which I would willingly wash out with my "MAGARET."

"Here you finished it?" asked the count of

Gander Y. d sir." Went are your arms?"

+1 10 not understand you, sir."

The Hungarian stared at Frederick with a ort of savage astonishment. "Have you not remarkel to whom that letter is addesrsed?" "To me, sir."

" Sad who wrote it ?"

"I do not know."

"Come, come, sir, all prevarieation is usetelaimed the count, stamping on the Bo you imagine that I am both deaf pe to escape me now-we are not at the Reimberg's. However long you may wrote to him to leave Vienna." his room I will not leave until you have given me satisfaction."

After this discourse the count sat down, as if to show thereby that his resolution was immovably taken. On examining the objects with astonishment—"You will quit Vienna towhich were scattered about on the marble slab morrow," said he imperatively. of the chimney-piece, be unwittingly took up the medallion which Henry had found at Basle; he turned it and recognised the portrait

He sprang from his chair, uttered a cry of rage, and gnashing his teeth, exclaimed, "I will this instant go and fetch my arms; in an hour here, you say, to serve me; let it suffice you to I shall return, and if you still refuse to fight me, I will kill you."

Frederick remained buried in deep reflection. It was now that he bitterly repented the consequences of his imprudent enriesity. The scene which had taken place at the Duchess Reimburg's, and the Hungarian's violent jealousy, had made him resolve to be prudent; but it was now too late; the count's provocation had wound up the affair in the most gloomy manper possible. It was certainly very casy for him to correct the error which had brought about the quarrel, but he would then be obliged to tell all that he knew, to reveal a secrect on which the honor, the life of a woman depended; and this he considered he could not do without the basest cowardice. He consequently resolved to abide by his destiny, whatever it might be. To this effect he wrote a letter to Leblane, relating to him all that had passed, and giving him his last instructions in case he should succumb. He folded it up, and was about to write the direction, when the count again appeared, holding in his hand two duel-

"I shall be at your service in one moment," said Frederick.

The count laid down his arms on the chim

Garnier sealed his letter, wrote the direc', ion, and rose up. "Before we go out, sir," so'ld he, "I wish to say one word; it shall be t'ne last; I declare, on my honor, that I never loved the countess, that I have only seen her twice; that I do not even know her name; that this portrait, which you suppose to be a token of love, was found by me at an inn at Lasle, where she had forgotten it."

"Liar, liar !- and the letter?" "The letter!-she who wrote it has alone the power and the rite to explain it, sir."

"And she will," said a calm, solemn voice, simultaneously. The countess was standing in

"Margaret!" exclaimed the count, "what do you want here?" "To hinder you from committing a crime.

"Begane, begone, I say."

"Not without you, count." "Ah! are you afraid of your lover?" ,with a faltering voice, "you know very well

"But this letter-this letter, madam -"Have you forgotten a young man to whom I was affianced, and whom, coward-like, you threw like a vile malefactor into prison?"

"Frantz has nothing to do with this affair madam."

"You are mistaken, sir; for I loved him ardently, fervently, before I was compelled to beinced towards him. "Mr. Frederick terwards. You had him condemned for a supposed crime before our voyage to France, yet he contrived to join me in Paris."

"He !- it's impossible."

"You were absent, sir, engaged in political intrigues in London-I could receive him without fear."

The count stretched out his hand towards his pistols.

"Not yet, sir," said the young woman with a bitter smile; "you must first here me out, inspired you with the least particle of interest, Frantz had been in Paris about two months. when you announced your return. He then some day be able to answer your questions; but | conjured me to flee with him; but I rememthat will require both time and liberty. Start bered my child-I was, besides, sure that we without a moment's delay, and try to forget should not be able to escape your pursuit, that the events of that night, the remembrance of Frantz would pay the penalty of his life-I wished to save him from inevitable destruction -wretched woman! I refused! I then received from Frantz a letter which contained these words":

"This evening I shall be under your windows. to see you or to die."

"I was in the country-I arrived in Paris distracted-I flew to the Luxembourg-the gates were closed. I. ran to this gentleman, who occupied an apartment under ours; he opened for me a private door which led into the gardens, and when I arrived-Frantz was

The countess buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud."

"You will now easily understand," rejoined find? I never left an injury unpunished she, after a long silence, "why I was so disone of us must die-you know it; do turbed when I again perceived that gentlemanwhy I was so anxious to meet him-why I

The count had sat and fistened to all the details of this adventure with a most terrible calm, his eyes fixed, and his lips compressed. He at last rose, and advanced towards Garnier, who had remained wonder-struck and mute

The young man started, and was about to shall be so," said he coldly.

shuddered beneath his grasp, and they both

A month after, Frederick met in Paris, I blane, who had just arrived from Vienna. The two friends had a long conversation toge ther. Now I think of it," said Henry, "I have learned by heart the name of the Hun garian's wife-she is the Countess Margaret of Cleswholtezser."

"And how came you to know it"."

"I saw it on the funeral invite tions."

"What !" exclaimed Freder sk, shuddering, is the countess dead ?"

"Yes, she died the day after your departure from Vienna."

AGRICULTURAL, &C.

Make Corn.

Will the South ever learn anything? A French ev nie upon the restoration of the Bourbon , remarked: "They have nothing." Shall vee be subject to the same sarcasm?-What can we do without corn?

I a the old times, just before the great crash of '36-'37, when everybody was run mad on the subject of cotton, just as we are now, a team a poor lean mule team-was staggering up Main street under a heavy load. The owner in a sort of apologetic way, remarked to a knot of friends, "Upon my word, I wish I did know what would fatten my mules. I've tried nuce vomica and assafædita, and every sort of thing and it don't seem to do a particle of good.' "Did you ever try corn?" quietly asked the Diogenes of the party. "If not, perhaps you had better try it.'

We would warn the people to make corn. Lessees don't seem to care about it; they come to suck out the substance and then like wild geese emigrate North with their craws full. See to it, you lessors; make it a sine qua non that your lessees shall raise corn. Your coun-Frederick and the Hungarian turned round try demands it. A full corn crib is better than a full crib of any other kind. Chickens, mules, darkies and every living thing rejoices in it. al trials of skill, they concluded to go through Who have been the most successful planters in the forms of a duel. They took their positions, old times? the man of corn.

vising people to make cotton to buy corn with. ally upon the corpse embracing and kissing it Even the old Indians have got drunk. We with every emotion of endearment. Under such know some large plantations that hav'nt got magical influence the gentleman revived and She cast upon the Hungarian a long look of enough shucks to make horse collars. Of course rose unburt from the ground, and and they disgust and contempt. "My lover !" said she, the owners of such places "ain't worth shucks." are to be married.

The startling announcement was made in town, yesterday, that there was'nt a sack of corn in town. Are we to have a famine? It seems so. If we bow down to cotton, and wership it and neglect corn, we are bound to end in famine. Would that some Joseph could give us a lecture on the subject! He is the only statesman of whom we have ever heard who got corned in the right way. Look at your situation in military parlance, in a "cul de come your wife, and I loved him still more af- | sac" made of gunny sacks. You've got to borrow the money to buy the corn. You've got to feed mules to haul the corn. You've got to pay the driver to drive the wagon to haul the corn. You have to grease the wagon, etc.: and you can run on in the style of "the cow with the crumply horn," and pile of the disasters that spring from an empty corn crib.

Don't be satisfied with ordinary crops, b cause we'll have to begin to suck reasting cars before the moustache is off them.

Let all the editors in our land raise the corn song, and let the people join the chorus, " rais.

Let us do it quick, before Uncle Sam has i chance to tax us. It is the only thing that is no stamped; that's one consolation. It's time for us to speak outward warn the

people to plant corn! May God bless us next season with a cornicopia of corn.

[Natchez Courier.

Sheep vs. Other Stock.

The following briefly enumerates some of a advantages of keeping sheep.

They make the quickest return for the in estment in them, being ready to eat of three or four months old, and yielding fleer s at one year old, and perhaps a lamb also.

Their subsistence is cheaper than that of any other domestic animals-grass and stock fodder being all they will require at any season. They supply the family at all seasons, with the most delicious meat of the most convenient

size for family use. They present valuable products in two forms, their wool and their fresh both of which are adapted to home Insumption, and for sale and both of which & re adented to citter domes

The transportation of them to market aliv is cheaper that of any other live stock (no blooded) of the same value, and the same i

true also e ? their wool compared with other and similar a gricultural products. Woe'ı may be more easily and safely kept in answer, but the countess looked at him. "It experitation of a better market, than any other and similar product, as it is less liable to fire,

> An investment in them is self-enlargeing. and rapidly so, by their annual increase, while their wool pays much in the way of interest at the same time which is not true of many, if of

any similar investments.-Maryland Farmer. COTTON VS. WHITE PEOPLE .- "White people cannot raise cotton, especially on alluvial land!" Nevertheless, the Baton Rouge Adre-

cate of the 16th, says: "A friend in this parish, not being able to procure freedmen last spring set to work with his own boys and one white man, and the

result was a crop of thirty b of cotton. "We would like to know .ere negro labor has done better. And we know hundreds, if not thousands who have labored half their live in the swamps at farm or other labor, and have only ceased because they got too rich to work Sickly men, perhaps, cannot, especially such as have laziness in their bones. For the latter class we would prescribe an impartial tread-

A COVENIENT DISENFECTANT .- Ono Es of copperas, known is sadphate of iron, costing Lar a few cents, dissolved in four gallons of water, will most completely destroy all offensive odor. The warmer the weather, the oftner must the application be repeated. Sprinkling the copperas itself is about advantageous, and, if in cellar, is one of the best means of keeping rats away.

[Scientific American.

To PROTECT HORSES' HOOFS .- Gutta per cha may be used to protect the feet of horses from tenderness and slipping. It is first cut into small pieces, and softened with hot water, then mixed with half its weight of powdered sal amoniae, and then the mixture melted in a tinned saucepan over a gentle, fire, keeping it well stirred. When required for use, melt in glue pot, scrape the hoof clean, and apply the mixture with a knife.

DUEL BETWEEN A LADY AND A GENTLE-MAN .- A gentleman in California having mad a lady a present of a pair of pistols, after severfired at the word, and to the terror of the lady, We are astonished to hear sensible men ad- the gentleman fell. She threw herself fainties